A

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By GEORGE WALDRON, late of *Queen's* College, *Oxon.*

Dulce eſt pro Patria----

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXVIII.

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WHEN daring *Poets* would *Encomiums* raiſe
Worthy ſuch *Patriots* as adorn our Days,
Pindar's ſublimeſt flights too humble ſeem
To be Embelliſhments for ſuch a Theme;
When *Senates* are the Subjects of our Muſe,
The Tuneful Nine can but due Thoughts infuſe:
Our Antient Bards, who *Britain*'s Glories wrote,
How well She Counſell'd, and how bravely Fought,

Could they review the Acts of later Times,
Would raiſe their Fancy to more noble Rhimes,
And Mighty EDWRAD's Warlike Deeds muſt yield,
To ANNA's Conqueſt at fam'd *Blenhiems* Field:
But ſince thoſe brave Heroic Souls are laid,
Thoughtleſs of Us, amongſt the ſilent Dead;
My Muſe with equal Zeal, but humbler Lays,
Attempts to blazon Modern *Patriots* praiſe.

HAIL awful Sirs! Bleſt Guardians of our Iſle!
May Heaven aſſent and on your Counſels ſmile;
Europa big with Expectation waits,
For the Reſult of your Auguſt Debates,
Her Ballance reſt's in your deciſive Hand
Whoſe mutual Concord gives the World Command:
Tho' fierce BELLONA, proudly ſtorms in *Spain*,
Britannia rides Triumphant on the Main,
And Happy GEORGE revives ELIZA's Reign,
Then WALSINGHAM and CECIL brightly ſhone,
Unbyaſs'd Champions for a threatned Crown;
Moſt Glorious Queen! Her *Senate* Wiſe, and True,
Unmatch'd in Story, till we write of You. Moſt

WHEN hoſtile Bands aſſail'd victorious *Rome*,
She ſought no Succours, but her Friends at home,
Her truſty Counſels prov'd ſucceſsful Charms,
To Guard their State againſt Impending Harms,
'Till the World trembled at her conqu'ring Arms:
Now Foreign Troops Great CÆSAR's Rights invade,
He courts *Britannia* for her friendly Aid,
Britannia ever Famous for Renown,
At once defends her ſelf, and CÆSAR's Crown:
Inſulted Friends abroad with watchful Eye,
Expect your *needful* Unanimity,
(The ſtrongeſt *Bulwark* and the beſt *Allie*;)
The future Welfare of depending States,
Auſpicious *Patriots*! On your Influence waits:
Their Hopes are vain, who would rejoice to ſee
Our Sov'reign, and his *Senate* diſagree.

WHEN treach'rous Faction its Contagion ſpread,
And proud Rebellion rear'd her daring Head,

Then your united Force did bravely quell,
The raging Monſter, and diſſolve the Spell:
As at *Preſtonia*'s Memorable Fight,
Where Loyal Troops urg'd trait'rous Arms to Flight,
So *Britain*'s Foes with con'cious Guilt muſt fall,
Whilſt ſuch true Champions guard her Capitol.

PRIDE of your Sov'reign, and your Country too,
Whoſe Int'reſt is the Object of your View,
Under your Wing *Britannia*'s ſafety lies,
Thoughtleſs of Wrong, fearleſs of Injuries,
A Refuge, more ſecure there cannot be,
Than with the Oracles of Equity;
Shall the *Batavians* boaſt a thriving Trade,
And Wealthy *London*, droop her noble Head?
Shall new born Fears reſtrain her wonted Courſe,
Bleſt with ſo wiſe a Prince, ſo brave a Force?
Not ſo; her floating Barks ſhall ſail at large,
Neptune obey at Sea, at Home Great GEORGE:
Her Injur'd Merchants ſhall Complain no more,
Nor dread freſh Inſults from a Foreign Pow'r,

Our Monarch's Care, and faithful *Senates* skill,
Will make fair *London*, *Europe*'s Mistres still.

WHILST Armies are not call'd to foreign Wars,
Nor wanted to suppress domestick Jars,
Whilst Troops (of late so useful) are discharg'd,
And neither our Expence, nor Fears inlarg'd,
What Loyal *British* Subject will complain,
To see our Bulwarks floating on the Main?
That Island's safety doth the charge reward,
Where naval Forces, are the Nations Guard.
'Twas threatning Danger, that was near in View,
First caus'd such Wise Assemblies (Sirs) as You,
A prudent Method, for so great a Choice,
To save the Publick by a publick Voice:
Each Place the Worthiest of their *Patriots* sent,
They Proud to choose, and He to Represent,
The faithful *Senates* zeal Maintain'd their Laws,
The Subjects Freedom grac'd the Glorious Cause,
Whilst Prince, and People shar'd the Grand Applause.

And you Illuſtrious Guardians at the Helm,
With Equal Juſtice, Grace *Britannia*'s Realm,
Records of Old may Glorious *Senates* ſhew,
But Greater Actions will Eternize You:
Your Country's Glory proves the *Patriots* Aim,
And lateſt *Annals* ſhall preſerve your Fame.
The Publick Welfare ſtill depends on You,
Their Hopes are Juſt, becauſe their *Senate*'s True,
A *Senate* ſway'd by no ſiniſter Ends,
Their Country's Champions, and their Sov'reign's (Friends,
Whoſe Mutual Glory is their ſole Debate,
At once to make them both Compleatly Great;
Unlike the *Poets* giddy Charioteer,
Proud of Command, preſs'd on with mad Career,
Miſtook his Father's Road, and ſet the World on fire:
But as a Surgeon carefully ſhould try,
The utmoſt limits of a Malady,
So when *Britannia* doth to you repair,
She hopes for none but skillful *Patriots* here.

AND now behold Divine EUSEBIA ſtand,
A Mitre decks her Head, a Croſs her Hand;
Martyrs like Stars around her Frontier ſhine,
Her Form's as Lovely, as her Soul Divine.

And thus She Speaks.

"I Truſt my ſteady Champions will Diſpenſe,
' With ſuch a PARENT as ne'er gave Offence;
' Pleas'd as I am at *Britain*'s happy Fate,
' To ſee ſuch Guardians to protect her State,
' Yet give a TENDER MOTHER leave to ſhare
' At leaſt an equal Portion of your Care.
' Remember firſt what anx'ous Care and Toil,
' I underwent to ſave your groaning Iſle,
' How many Valiant Champions bravely dy'd,
' Tho' with the Rack, and fiery Tortures try'd,
' (That Man cannot be ſaid to die with Shame,
' Who when expiring Triumph's in his Flame.)
' Remember in my bleſt ELIZA's Reign,
' When crafty *Rome* combin'd with haughty *Spain*,
' How She *Illuſtrious She* Maintain'd Her Cauſe,
' Say'd my Religion, and reſtor'd your Laws;

' So

'When cruel MARIE's Priests with Pleasure stood,
'Profuse of Martyrs Flames, and Sacred Blood,
'When they prophan'd the Earth with human Gore,
'And then the dismal Landskip cover'd o'er,
'With holy Ashes they had made before;
'How soon th' Almighty set *Britannia* free,
'*Remember this was done to rescue me.*
'So when the Sulph'rous Train was kindling laid
'Under that awful *Dome* in which you tread,
'The same Great Arm restrain'd the threat'ning Blow,
'*And this was done to save* EUSEBIA *too.*

'BUT when dissenting Faction highly swell'd,
'And against me, and Royal CHARLES rebell'd,
'Twas then alas! your Dear EUSEBIA bled;
'I lost my Cause, my Champion lost his Head;
'Twelve tedious Years I did my Fate deplore,
'Under the Yoke of base Usurping Pow'r;
'When a Bright Sun from long Eclipse arose,
'Gladly receiv'd by his relenting Foes,

'With

'With welcome Rays refresh'd his Native Shore,
'And I appear'd more Glorious than before.

'WHEN JAMES by *Rome* unhappily mis-led,
'His Country's freedom, and my Rights betray'd,
'A GUARDIAN PRINCE of Eminent Renown,
'Rescu'd my Mitre, and preserv'd your Crown;
'Thus have I Triumph'd, and outbrav'd the shocks,
'Of *Popish* Shipwreck, and *Fanatick* Rocks.
'Lo, yet I see the *Hydra*'s baleful head,
'A Beast for Everlasting mischief bred,
'Her many Crowns are *Emblems* to display
'A greedy Thirst for Universal Sway,
'Her armed Heads prove Conquest is her Prey;
'But you my Faithful Champions will maintain,
'My Rights against this hideous Monster's train;
'What I have felt your Ancestors have shar'd,
'By *Senates* like your selves I've oft been spar'd,
'Thus free from fear, tho' Dangers were in view,
'I see my Welfare still confirm'd by You:

'Secure I sit and at my Altar's wait,
'Whilst in united Counsels you debate,
'How to make Glorious both your Church and State.'

Of you EUSEBIA can no Favour ask,
But what's a *Just*, and Pleasurable task,
Her future Safety she's no cause to fear,
Whilst none but *faithful* Sons are seated here;
ASTRÆA too revives her Golden Reign,
And *Britain*'s faded Glory blooms again,
'Tis hard for me to tell what future Joys,
Will smoothly flow from your Harmonious Voice:
Oppression is no more the poor Man's fate,
The Rich expect to be more amply Great,
The hostile Bands that envy *Britain*'s fame,
Dread such a KING, and such a *Senate*'s Name;
In War, there's Honour, but ten Thousand charms
In Peaceful Triumphs, more than Force of Arms,
Our Foes Compliance we may well foresee,
You always Conquer, when you all Agree;

From

From hence *Britannia* dreads no secret harms,
Nor fear's Success if forc'd to Wars alarms;
She values not ungen'rous dark Intrigues,
Of Trust betray'd, or violated Leagues;
The Treach'rous seldom Conquer, where they fight,
Success attends those *Patriots* who unite.

THE great Atchievements of Victorious *Rome*,
Were the Results of Counsels first at home,
Not *Scipio*'s valour can defend that Realm,
Where *Catilines* are Fav'rites at the Helm,
But lasting Glories Crown that happy state,
Where SCIPIO's lead, and CICERO's debate,
Where *Senates* like your selves, protect their Laws,
And never Vote but for their Country's Cause:
Oh blest *Britannia*! thou whose Friends must own,
A Greater *Monarch* never fill'd thy Throne,
Nor richer Trophies grac'd thy Glorious Crown,
Trophies, which are but such a PRINCE's due,
They honour Him, because He honour's you.

Your

Your faithful Actions merit Royal Love,
In ſuch harmonious Spheres the Angels move,
Their Rev'rence flows from Nature, void of fear,
The Juſt return of their GREAT SOV'REIGN's Care;
As Earthly Courts are by the ſame Decree,
Ordain'd for Peace and mutual Harmony,
As *Senate*'s like the ſacred Choir above,
Should all unite in Loyalty and Love,
So You ILLUSTRIOUS SIRS, teach us the way,
That to be happy here, is to obey:
A Maxim ev'ry *Briton* had in view,
But never found the great *Effect* ſo true,
As when explain'd by Royal GEORGE and *YOU*.

FINIS.

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